SMITH'S REPORT

On the Holocaust Controversy

No 163 | www.codoh.com | July 2009

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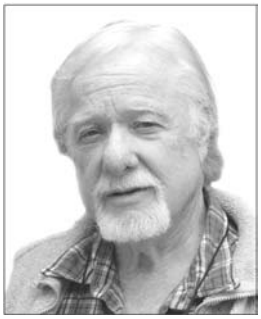

Challenging the Holocaust Taboo Since 1990

THE CAMPUS CAMPAIGN

FROM THE WASHINGTON JEWISH WEEK TO YALE UNIVERSITY, ETC.

Bradley Smith

The Summer 2009 CODOH Campus Campaign began to make its presence known at universities around the country the middle of June. It's still very early, but the Eisenhower ad has run or is running in the *Daily Lobo* at the University of New Mexico, the *University Chronicle* at St. Cloud University (Wisconsin), and *The Helmsman* at the University of Memphis. Three other are to begin the week of July 6th.

The size of student populations during summer classes is larger than I would have expected—at the first three campuses alone it adds up to some 48,000 students and 2,550 faculty. How many of these 48,000 students have ever been exposed to any sensible text whatever that implies that something might be wrong with the gas-chamber story? How many of these 2,550 academics have ever had to think about such a question being raised in class, or by another academic at lunch? Not many? Probably not many.

A short revisionist text placed before fifty-thousand-plus new folk? It's worth the effort. And maybe another 50,000 shortly?

It takes a lot of man hours to run a campaign like this. Submitting the ad is painless, but following up with it is where the time is spent. No issue with those who ignore the ad (most of them), or those that contact us to make certain we know that they will not run it. With those who are agreeable to running the ad there is the back and forth regarding formatting, scheduling, changes in scheduling, emails gone astray, contracts lost, faxes not arriving (we're in Mexico), contracts signed, sealed, delivered and then renounced—I don't think renounce is the right word. Maybe it is.

Example. It was a Monday morning, 22 June, and I was at the VA Hospital in La Jolla in the muscular/skeleton clinic to see a doctor about the pain in the back and leg. It had been an overnighter, I hadn't slept well, but when my cell phone rang I pretty much woke up. For all I knew, it was someone I would want to talk to.

It was. A young man named Gallagher was calling from advertising at *BG-News*, Bowling Green State University. I was immediately aware that he and my right hand man (I've been calling him Hernandez but I think I'll start calling him Roberto) had been in a back and forth about running the Eisenhower ad.

Gallagher told me the *BG-News* wanted to run the ad, it had been worked out between him and Roberto, and all that was left to do was to arrange payment. I said I

could do that in the moment, we did it using my Visa debit, Gallagher thanked me, with some enthusiasm I thought, and there we were. I wonder how many grown men, particularly grown men my age, would get so much pleasure from such a simple business transaction with a college student.

I was still sitting there a few minutes later when Gallagher called back, apologized, and said the *BG-News* could not run the ad. I asked why. He didn't want to talk about it, but told me that the Director of Student Publications was standing there if I wanted to talk to him. I figured, what the hell, understanding that it would be a useless exercise.

Mr. Robert Bortel was a perfectly civil adult who, while he was not a professor, explained to me that he had spent a good amount of time studying the history of World War II. We talked about ten, twelve minutes maybe. The drift of what he said was that he had read widely in the orthodox literature, it was obvious that the Holocaust happened, and that it would be "offensive" to many at BGSU if the *News* were to run the ad that suggested it did not. He used the words "offend" and "offensive" a number of times. It was a fine example of civility used in the service of suppressing a free exchange of ideas.

I brought up a few ideas that he seemed unprepared to deal with directly. You would be familiar with them. When I had the impression that he was about to hang up I would suggest a new line of thought. He would hold on. In the end it was as it was. Censored.

And so it goes, as we used to say. I heard my name called, it was my time to see the doctor about my muscular and skeletal arrangements, such as they are, and that was the end of it with Bowling Green State University. For the moment.

As part of the Campus Campaign I would be obligated to write Mr. Bortel a letter. I did. Mr. Bortel felt personally obligated to respond. He did. I posted both letters on my Blog. Then I wrote him a second, more critical letter and posted that on my Blog. Haven't heard from him. But now of course I feel obligated to distribute my response to Mr. Bortel's letter to Mr. Bortel's colleagues. And obligated perhaps to write to the president of his university.

At the same time, though I didn't know it, another story was developing because of the Campus Campaign.

You will remember that the *Washington Jewish Week* published an article on the Campus Campaign on 18 February (my birthday, but I believe that was almost certainly a coincidence) titled "Local College Papers say 'No' to ad challenging the Holocaust." I reported on it here in the March issue (#159). The journalist, Adam Korbel, was straight with me, something that doesn't always happen with journalists writing for any publication.

Unknown to me, a young Ph.D. professor of history who teaches at Yale University, Mark Oppenheimer, read the article and was intrigued by the idea of doing something with the core story it represented. Early in April he contacted me, asked for an interview, and I said sure. I googled him and found that he is a real guy.

I learned that he is a writer for *The New York Times Magazine*, *Slate*, *The Boston Globe, The Forward*, and other publications. In the school year 2008-2009 he's lecturing in the English and Political Science departments of Yale University, and teaching creative writing at Wellesley College. His doctorate is in religious studies, he coordinates the Yale Journalism Initiative. That's not all, but it's enough to demonstrate that *The Washington Jewish Week* is read by informed people in Washington D.C. and at Yale University as well. So of course I was obligated to give him an interview.

Oppenheimer was going to be in the Pasadena area and maybe we could meet in the "middle" somewhere. Sure. When I understood he was going to be in the Pasadena area I asked if he were going to see Michael Shermer of *Skeptic Magazine*, but he did not respond. Anyhow, that was none of my business. We could meet in San Clemente.

We did. Irene and Li'l Brad went along for the ride. Irene really went to chaperone me, I had only recently ended my 10-month struggle with lymphatic cancer and she didn't trust me to be "on the road" by myself. The most obvious place for Oppenheimer and me to meet was at the Starbucks on the main drag. Irene took Li'l Brad for a walk while I took a nap in the car to wait. I was pretty tired, I went right to sleep, probably with my mouth open. Here is how the professor describes our meeting.

"[….] the elderly Smith was kindly enough to endure the traffic jam at the Mexican-American border and meet me at the Starbucks in San Clemente, California, the beach town where Richard Nixon began his exile. Smith had left a message on my mobile phone saying that he would wait for me in the parking lot, and that's where I found him, snoozing behind the wheel of his pickup truck. I rapped on the window, and the aging radical opened his eyes with a

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LETTERS

Nick Kollerstrom, PhD,
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In my 'Leuchter 20 years on' article (issue 153 *Smith's Report*), I showed graphs of the data of Rudolf and Leuchter combined, for three distinct groups: wall cyanide samples from the delousing chambers (DCs), from the alleged human gas chambers (AHGCs) and from 'controls' i.e. barracks kitchen etc. I neglected to give the mean values of the data thus graphed, and here they are.

Mean wall concentrations of total cyanide at Auschwitz, from combining the Leuchter and Rudolf data-sets, parts per million (μg/g):

1. DCs 4960 ± 3800 (n=15) ppm
2. AHGCs 2.7 ± 2.7 (n=16) ppm
3. Controls 1.7 ± 1.3 (n=11) ppm

A t-test comparing (2) and (3) gives t = 1.1 which is wholly insignificant: that is the conclusive refutation of 'the Holocaust' – for the first time, I suggest. Revisionists have pointed out that the two-thousand fold differential between (1) and (2) shows pretty clearly that one was used for regular, mass cyanide gassing whereas the other was not. But, the fact is that pro-H. experts have not accepted this argument. Unlikely though it may seem, they have argued that this data merely shows that 'bugs are harder to kill' than humans, i.e. the DCs needed more cyanide. My article argued that only the establishing of a 'control' group gives a truly conclusive argument: viz, that the two groups of AHGC and control come from the same pool, they are not significantly different.

My article described the two-thousand fold differential as 'the central axis around which future discussion of 'the Holocaust' will have to revolve.' May these figures assist that revolution. I'd be happy if anyone wants to check through them, they are all in the Rudolf Report and Mr. Desjardin's CODOH article (slight differences are possible, where more than one analysis was done per sample).

These values are compatible with the data published by John Ball in 1993: from a DC, 3000 ppm (n=2) and from AHGC sites 0.5 + 0.6 (n=4) ppm and including these would lower the mean AHGC value, bringing it closer to the 'control' mean. Seven tons of cyanide was used at Auschwitz 1942-5, and its destination remains of interest. The Ferro cyanide fixed into the old brickwork gives a more reliable memory of where it was used than does anything else! Mother Nature gave us that unexpected ace card, by the brickwork being so porous to the hydrogen cyanide, and by the iron complex thus formed being so permanent.

Danielle Kubes

[Reprinted from the Canadian Jewish News] If Martians landed in Toronto today and wanted to learn more about our Jewish community, they would think our entire community hinged on the belief that some people have hated us and other people still do. I realize that the Holocaust and anti-Semitism are issues that do need to be discussed, but other aspects of Judaism should receive equal coverage in The CJN. Perhaps you should include more articles, such as the one about the Dead Sea Scrolls, which are intelligent and interesting, instead of a bajillion articles about Iran and anti-Semitic plays that no one bothers to go see anyway ("Prof explores journey of Dead Sea Scrolls," CJN, June 11). Otherwise, we will end up with a generation that defines their Judaism by hysterically defending it without even knowing what they are defending.

Remember that your paper is called the *Jewish News*, not *The Canadian – Oh, Woe Be Us, the Hated People News*

Paul Fritz-Németh

I would like to congratulate you and all collaborators for the appearance of *Inconvenient History*. Online. Be assured that as soon as things pick up I will come through for you and your worthy cause.

Until then I would like to add a little tid-bit that I read in our [Canadian] newspaper which you may or may not know. I found it in the Movies pages. The article was about a classic film called Man Hunt directed by Fritz Lang. It is all about the film but let me quote you verbatim from the article the remarks regarding this director:

"But it was also the work of a Jewish German director who rejected Hitler's overtures to appoint him the Third Reich's official film czar and fled the country soon afterwards." This statement obviously raises the question that if Hitler was so hell-bent to destroy the Jews, why would he want to appoint a Jew to become the official film czar?

I was shocked to see Obama, Judge Matia and even the Pope genuflecting to a totally unfounded hoax. I can see a politician bending to the will of his financiers although it makes me think a great deal less of him, but the Pope, who is supposedly God's lieutenant and should not have to fear anyone mouthing the same stupid mantra is too much to accept.

Inconvenient History Notebook

We are actively working on putting together the second issue of *Inconvenient History* which is targeted for a September release. The tentative lineup includes:

David Irving and the *Aktion Reinhardt* Camps, by Juergen Graf

The Prohibition of Holocaust Denial, by Joseph Bellinger

The 'Nazi Extermination Camp' of Sobibor in the Context of the Demjanjuk Case, by Paul Grubach

In addition we have several interesting book reviews and editorials. Our feature "**Profiles in History**" will examine the life and career of John T. Flynn.

We are also planning for our annual print edition. The annual should be available for purchase in early 2010. It will include all of the articles from our three online issues of 2009.

More information on how to purchase this important volume will be made available to readers of *Smith's Report* and those who have signed up for updates online to IH.

As always, we are in need of assistance. Anyone with writing, editorial, translation skills or otherwise thinks they have a unique way to help IH, please contact us.

How to Escape from a Homicidal Chamber
Over the Years it Gets Easier and Easier

Thomas Kues

In *Smith's Report* #149 (April 2008) I published an article called "*Experto Crede*, or How to Escape from a Homicidal Gas Chamber", devoted to a special category of Shoah survivors: those resourceful Jewish fellows who saw one of the fabled Nazi homicidal gas chambers from the inside, and then escaped from it to tell their story.

To achieve this feat is to reach one step above people like Arnold Friedman, who survived a gassing in Flossenburg(!) by means of breathing through a key hole. Auschwitz eyewitnesses Sophia Litwinska and Regina Bialek were both saved in the nick of time when SS men opened the chamber (in the middle of the gassing process) to take them (and no-one else) out of there. Needless to say, they were invaluable to the Germans in some way or another and therefore spared to tell the world of their remarkable experiences.

Majdanek witness Mary Seidenwurm Wrzos survived a death chamber in a similar, albeit more cunning fashion: when the gas began streaming in through "three large black holes" she started banging on the door, screaming that she was a German guard. Finally, men in gas masks opened the door and pulled her out. Curiously, she was not sent back to the gas chamber or otherwise punished once the Germans had discovered that she was not one of them. Another Majdanek inmate, Mietek Grocher, simply sneaked out through the still open gas chamber door while the (single!) guard was looking another way and then dodged a hail of bullets from pursuing Germans.

However, I have recently found out that there are recorded cases of even more cunning gas chamber escapes. Unfortunately we don't have any names, but we know that there were more than one of them, and that they were female (clearly not ladies prone to panic and hysterics but level-headed and very resourceful members of the fair sex). In her book *Den Livsfarliga Glömskan* ("*The Fatal Forgetfulness*", Brombergs, Stockholm 1986), Inga Gottfarb, a Swedish-Jewish writer and Zionist activist (an active member of the Swedish Committee Against Anti-Semitism), quotes from a report sent by her to the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee in New York "in mid-May 1945" concerning the reception of female former concentration camp inmates in the Swedish city of Malmö on April 29 the same year (pp. 162-163):

"*Många hade varit i Auschwitz, hade "gasnummer" intatuerade på sina armar. Några hade lyckats ta sig ut ur gaskammaren genom ett fönster."*

Translation:

"Many had been in Auschwitz and had 'gas numbers' tattooed on their arms. Some had managed to escape from the gas chamber through a window."

Can it really get any cleverer than this? Or should I expect to

one day find a story of a successful gas chamber lock picker? To quote Albert Einstein: "Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the universe."

The Holocaust: No Laughing Matter, Till Now

Eric Blair

This happened during the 1985 "false news" trial of the Toronto publisher Ernst Zündel. Defense witness Ditlieb Felderer was on the stand being grilled by crown prosecutor Peter Griffiths. Waxing morally injured, the prosecutor insisted the witness admit that he had, indeed, mailed the condom attached to the leaflet he brandished to the Auschwitz museum for inclusion in an exhibit of Holocaust artifacts. Felderer readily owned to having sent the leaflet, along with the condom; and, with a coy smile, added: "Well, each is encouraged to send what they can."[1]

However unintentionally, the scene grew to be hilariously funny. From his perch in the press gallery, reporter Michael Hoffman described what happened: "One of the most priceless sights of the trial [....] came as Griffiths waved above his head an unraveled condom that had been attached to a leaflet urging people to mail such artifacts [....] to Auschwitz."[2] Which moved the jury and some spectators to laugh unabashedly at Griffith's slavering display of outrage.

Back in 1985 the notion of "Holocaust denial" (read: historical revisionism), in spite of saturation media coverage of both the Zündel and the Keegstra trials across Canada, was new and had outraged many Canadians. Even more outrageous and unheard-of was the kind of satire and savage mockery Ditlieb Felderer personified. While the Monty Python comedy *Life of Brian* had made it semi-respectable to caricature the life and work of the Lord Jesus (just as Rowan Atkinson's Blackadder would later on blithely lampoon the casual slaughter of World War I trench warfare), the Holocaust was still off-limits. I say "still" because that has changed somewhat in recent years, with echoes of mockery, now and again, heard rumbling over the fenced-off, no-go zone.

One such rumble was Tova Reich's novel *My Holocaust*. Critical opinions about the book were divided. A *New York Times* review of Reich's *My Holocaust* by one David Margolick summed up her satirical novel, based on the Holocaust industry, as "something so rancid and so primitive."[3] By contrast, fellow novelist Cynthia Ozick's response to the work of fiction—whose glowing review was included in Reich's novel as a kind of infomercial—was one of sheer, unrelenting praise. Ozick: "[O]ne of the most penetrating social and political novels of the early twenty-first century next to which the last century's *Animal Farm* is a mere bleat."[4] My own reaction to Reich's typically lame and tasteless Holocaust-themed humour, speaking of a "mere bleat," was to punctuate my reading of every other passage, where the comic element time and again badly misfired, with a deflated pfffttt!

In a typical scene, the ditzy daughter of a prospective Holocaust museum donor is moved to comment to her hosts after watching a wheelchair-bound visitor to Auschwitz touring the site: "I really *really* appreciate it that Auschwitz is wheelchair-accessible. You know what I mean? Was it always that way - I mean, even at the time of the Holocaust?"

Afterward, this dullard of a character will be named director of the Holocaust museum.

There has of late been some evidence that Reich's lame and tasteless brand of humour is catching on. A case in point: The frat-house comedy *Hangover*, now in theaters, milks the Jewish tragedy for some cheap laughs. Four chums spend three days in Vegas getting absolutely smashed. Among them is a romantic and sentimental dentist who shows the other three a special ring that "my grandmother kept [from the Nazis] during the Holocaust." The man then reveals his intention to ask his live-in girlfriend—an irascible, ball-breaking shrew—to marry him and at the same time offer her this cherished Holocaust artifact as a meaningful token of their engagement. Instead, he gets royally drunk during a boys' night out and the precious "Holocaust ring" ends up gracing the finger of a "hot" hooker/stripper whom he spontaneously marries in a 3 a.m. ceremony at a Las Vegas chapel. While he mourns the loss of his grandmother's ring on the morning

after, one of his companions—the bozzo in the bunch—voices a flippant surprise over the fact that something like a "Holocaust ring" even exists:

"I didn't know they give out rings at the Holocaust."

This brand of *Animal House* humour, stealing a page from Reality TV, was dramatically ratcheted up to a whole new level back in December when the controversial French comedian and gadfly, Dieudonne M'Bala M'Bala, delivered a startling send-up of award-presentations at the Zenith theatre in Paris before an audience of 5,000 enthusiastic spectators that included a Who's Who of prominent political and show business personalities. In the course of his performance, the envelope-pushing comic grandly summoned forth revisionist scholar Robert Faurisson from out of the audience and invited him up on stage. Whereupon Faurisson was awarded a special prize for "social unacceptableness and insolence" that was, in turn, handed to him by an actor garbed in the striped pajamas of an Auschwitz inmate, no less.

When asked about this and similar big publicity stunts during his interview with the Canadian journal *Maclean's*, Diedonne spoke of his need to deploy a "promotional strategy that was based on provocation," of his desire to rouse a "wave of indignation." To that end, he had turned to Robert Faurisson, excited by the Sorbonne-trained academic's lowly pariah status within French society. Dieudonne: "I was preparing another show for which I needed explosive material [....] And the most untouchable was Faurisson."[5] He personified the hoary taboo against openly questioning and doubting the received version of the Holocaust story, with its magical gas chambers—the ultimate blasphemy in France's militantly secular society. In the risk-taking business of stoking outrage, Dieudonne was in a desperate fight against the Law of Diminishing Returns. Hence, the provocative showcasing of Robert Faurisson with its utterly predictable outcome—a slavering, near-universal outrage, knee-jerk summons to appear in court to answer charges of hate-mongering, and so on.

Of course, Hollywood has produced Holocaust comedies such as Roberto Benigni's *Life Is Beautiful*, but Hollywood has yet to deliver the bare-knuckles *Life of Brian* satire with the Holocaust in the cross-hairs that would leave viewers heaving gasps of violent astonishment. But maybe it soon will. Given Hollywood's devotion to bankable franchises predicated on known properties, the film industry will surely discover some way to commodify the Holocaust for today. Quentin Tarantino, with *Inglourious Basterds*, has already pushed far into the zone of sadistic, revenge fantasy. Why not zany comedy? In a parallel universe, this kind of daring material has been making its appearance up on the Internet via YouTube. As ingenious samples, consider this pair of spoofs launched as movie trailers: One entitled *Night at the Holocaust Museum*, and the other *Schindler's List: Romantic Comedy*.

Night stars Ben Stiller working the graveyard shift as a security guard at the Holocaust museum and, in the process, encountering ghostly Holocaust eruptions culled from Steven Spielberg's classic film *Schindler's List* that rattle him to the core: "This is so not worth $11.50 an hour!" Before this, a promotionally suave, voiceover narrator intones: "*The New York Times* raves: 'Ben Stiller makes the Holocaust fun again!'" To view, click on: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P1xpwcFi6r4

Also culled from Spielberg's opus are scenes edited to make the film *Schindler's List* follow a Reality TV storyline. Schindler, a wealthy hedonist and old bachelor, is inconveniently unmarried and in a race against time desperate to find the perfect mate. His "wackiest list" consists of a bevy of German beauties whom he sexually test drives, exciting envy and admiration along the way, before deciding upon the ideal spouse that he, Oskar Schindler, would wed. To view, click on:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=17dpK61bsqs

Who knows if Hollywood, in its own desperate fight against the Law of Diminishing Returns, won't one day give the Holocaust a Monty Python do-over? I'll wager it will; sooner rather than later. Money talks, after all. Perhaps, "Borat" or "Bruno"—a.k.a. Sacha Baron Cohen—will boldly kick-start the new genre, with market forces, audience appeal, and the modern cult of ironic irreverence riding roughshod over Holocaust pieties.

1. Michael A. Hoffman II, *The Great Holocaust Trial*, Wiswell Ruffin House: Dresden, NY, 1995, p. 68.

2. Ibid.

3. David Margolick, "*Happy Campers*," Sunday Book Review, *The New York Times*, May 27, 2007.

4. Tova Reich, *My Holocaust*, HarperCollins: New York, 2007. The Cynthia Ozick "preface" appears on two unnumbered pages at the front of the novel, under the heading "Advance Praise from Cynthia Ozick for Tova Reich's *My Holocaust*." I get the feeling these two pages were shoe-horned in at the last minute in order to defuse the rage of Holocaust fun-

damentalists by spinning the novel as high-brow literature. Tova Reich, we are told, "is Dean Swift's Jewish sister."

5. Interview with Dieudonne M'Bala M'Bala: A Conversation with Marin Patriquin, *Maclean's*, June 15, pp. 18-19.

END NOTE

A few days after Eric Blair sent me the above article I heard from him again. His subject header announced "Britney Does the Holocaust." What? He had copied a story from the International edition of *Spiegel* headlined "German Jews Horrified by Britney [Spears] Holocaust Role." Blair saw the news item as a bang-on validation to the premise in his essay. Namely, that the Holocaust as a cultural construct is now hurtling down a path toward an increasingly shameless degree of exploitation and kitsch.

Spiegel reports that Britney may hit the silver screen as the star of a Holocaust-era romantic tragedy—with a hint of sci-fi. It would serve as a potential comeback for Britney's undistinguished film career. The news has "raised eyebrows" in the Jewish community in Germany. Charlotte Knobloch, president of the Central Council of Jews in Germany, says she is horrified at the prospect of Britney making a Holocaust film.

Spears is reportedly reviewing a script for a film titled "The Yellow Star of Sophia and Eton." The film would see her playing a character named Sophia LaMont who time travels back to the past to fall in love with a Jewish concentration camp prisoner named Eton. "In a tricky critique of ongoing anti-Semitism, the script concludes with the lovebirds traveling back to the present day before being killed by Nazis."

Britney doing the Holocaust? I don't know. It might work.

FROM NUREMBERG TO NINEVEH

War, Peace and the Making of Modernity

By Mark Turley

Reviewed by Jason Willis Myers

Mark Turley's narrative *From Nuremberg to Nineveh: War, Peace and the Making of Modernity* (Vandal Publications, 2008) is an interesting exposé on the final battle of the Second World War. A newer voice to the revisionist community, Turley is among the first wave of authors to take a sensible and objective approach to the real "trial of the century" in the 60 years since its occurrence. The book examines the political climate and ideologies which gave birth to the trial, as well as the mechanics and operations of the trial itself. Sifting through court transcripts and many other trial sources, Turley examines both revisionist and orthodox arguments, and provides his own interpretation on the material.

Turley's account provides a very welcomed breath of fresh air into the real history of Allied post-war "justice". Was Nuremberg a fair and honest trial? Was it even close to being so? Does the lack of a 100% conviction rate of the Nazi defendants mean that the Allies abstained from instituting victor's justice? Were those tried granted a real opportunity to defend themselves during the procedure? What was the quality of evidence produced to substantiate Allied charges? Did the Allied court really believe in the Dachau gas chambers and Nazi-Katyn connection? The book helps answer many of these questions, as well as cover other themes raised at the trial.

One of those themes was the real purpose of the *Einsatzgruppen*, deployed in the occupied areas of the Eastern Front and which allegedly murdered some 2 million Jews. Turley examines the evidence presented at the trial, and finds that many of the claims regarding the organization's activity likely resulted from its anti-partisan operations, as opposed to a purposeful hunting down of Jewish civilians. A 1942 discussion between Reich Marshal Goering and Prime Minister Mussolini regarding anti-partisan actions described the following:

"To begin with, all livestock and foodstuffs were taken away from the areas concerned, so as to deny the partisans all sources of supply. Men and women were taken away to labour camps, the children to children's camps, and the

villages burned down. It was by the use of these methods that the railways in the vast wooded areas of Bialowiza had been safeguarded. Whenever attacks occurred, the entire male population of the villages were lined up on one side and the women on the other. The women were told that all men would be shot, unless they—the women—pointed out which men did not belong to the village. In order to save their men, the women always pointed out the non-residents."

Nothing about an institutional process to murder Jews, but instead the harsh reality of a brutal occupational war.

In the wider context of the book, Turley spends a good amount of pages on the Holocaust subject. The Nuremberg trial provided the cornerstone for the narrative as we know it today, through testimony on the "gas chamber" process, and the shooting actions occurring in the East. Yet, the quality of evidence presented to substantiate these matters was really very poor; Turley shows a general pattern by the Allied prosecution of presenting hard, documentary evidence for minor charges and crimes, but using less solid witness affidavits and testimony to support larger allegations. These witnesses could easily have been torn apart by skilled cross-examiners, but alas, the German-Nazi defense counsel lacked any real experience with such an alien legal procedure. Of course, no physical evidence whatsoever was shown to verify the alleged homicidal gas chambers, despite knowledge of their existence being denied by every single defendant.

One interesting exchange during the trial concerned the meaning of the German word '*ausrottung*'. To exterminationists, this is one of the several words that the Nazis used to describe the murder of the Jewish people. In April 1946, when Thomas Dodd put to Alfred Rosenberg the sinister interpretation of the word, Rosenberg strongly denied such a definition. After Dodd offered to use a dictionary to confirm the word's dark meaning, Rosenberg responded:

"I do not need a foreign dictionary in order to explain the various meanings '*ausrottung*' may have in the German language. One can exterminate an idea, an economic system, a social order, and as a final consequence, also a group of human beings, certainly. Those are the many possibilities which are contained in that word. It means 'to overcome' on one side and then it is to be used not with respect to individuals, but rather juridical entities, to certain historical traditions. On the other side this word has been used with respect to the German people and we have also not believed that in consequence thereof 60 million of Germans would be shot."

Turley includes other etymological protests by the leading Nazi defendants as well.

In the remainder of the book, Turley makes some tough judgments on the cravenness of academia, and challenges them to allow more open debate. As a college student, I can attest to this book's assessment of university professors' self-deemed insight as unchallengeable, and un-open to debate. In centers recognized from time immemorial as epicenters for free thought and free debate, that so many would take hardened and unfalsifiable stances on the "Holocaust" is a paradox of the highest nature. Interestingly, as Turley points out, so many of these intelligent people who attempt to educate themselves beyond biases and into a scholarly world of objectivity soak up the nonsense of a present evil, and assume that it was embodied in the Nazi regime. Meanwhile, some of these same professors and scholars have no problem in praising and supporting communist regimes around the world—an ideology which has led to more deaths than any other in the past century.

Revisionists may not agree with all of this book's contents; however, it is well worth the read. It supplants Irving's book as the premier, objective investigation into the trial, by filling in many of the gaps and voids left in the trial historiography. Despite the problematic small-printed text of the book, I highly recommend it to those looking for a fresh approach to the Nuremberg trial. Don't be discouraged by the small page count (194 pages), as a normal font would bring this book to well over 300. Still, Turley provides a good account of the trial itself, as well as drawing attention to its relevance to current times with the moral hypocrisy of Allied nations.

"Reason and experiment have been indulged, and error has fled before them. It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself."
— Thomas Jefferson

The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine

By Ilan Pappé

(Oneworld Publications, Oxford 2006)

Reviewed by Thomas Kues

In May this year, Alex Miller of the party *Israel Beiteinu* ("Our Land Israel") introduced a new thought-crime bill for deliberation in the Israeli Knesset. As readers of this newsletter may already be aware, Israel is one of those freedom-loving nations that outlaw "Holocaust denial". Since the alleged gas-chamber genocide, to use the famous words of Professor Faurisson, makes up the "sword and shield" of that neo-colonial entity, this might be a wise piece of legislation.

The "news bureau" *Memrit* and other Israeli spin-doctor and news disinformation agents, parroted by most western media, continue to assert, in spite of irrefutable evidence to the contrary, that Iran's Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, that new incarnation of Haman and Hitler, is planning a nuclear holocaust for the Israelis, even having publicly stated his intent to "wipe Israel off the map" when in fact he said that the Israeli regime would "disappear from the pages of history", in the sense of what happened to the Soviet regime. These are the same propagandists who urge the West to go to war against Iran because of its un-extraordinary nuclear program, while denying the existence of their own large stack of nuclear weapons (as Dick Morris puts it: "If Iran gets the bomb, it will use it to kill six million Jews"). Can you spell "chutzpah"?

Alex Miller has now taken Israeli hypocrisy to a new level by proposing a law that criminalizes any publicly demonstrated mourning of the event Palestinians call "al Nakbah", that is, the brutal ethnic cleansing of approximately 800,000 Palestinians from their homeland in connection with the creation of the Israeli state. If the bill passes, the official Zionist version of history will, in effect, be the only one allowed a voice. According to this self-serving piece of *faux* historiography, the above-mentioned 800,000 Palestinians left their homes voluntarily to give free space to the armies of the Arab nations that went to war with the newly established Israeli state in 1948.

Ilan Pappé

Ilan Pappé, an Israeli historian born in 1954, and professor of history at the University of Exeter, has devoted his book *The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine* to the exposure of the "voluntary retreat" myth. As a result, he has been ostracized, isolated and defamed by the usual suspects (for example, one need only take a look at the discussion page for the Wikipedia article on Pappé).

Pappé is a man of integrity, fully aware of the political importance of the officially sanctioned myth, and the role that the revisionist method has to play in the solving of the Middle-East crisis. Contrary to many Israeli historians (not to mention politicians and other official spokesmen) who assert that Israel emerged like a David fighting a host of Western and Arab Goliaths, he does not deny the crucial role the Holocaust had in establishing the neo-colonial state. There was a strong Western opinion (fanned by Zionist lobbyists) to compensate the Jews with a state of their own in Palestine, which led to a policy of appeasement toward the Jewish settlers. Indeed, the British reply to the King David Hotel bombing and other acts of Zionist terror was extremely soft-gloved compared to their treatment of Palestinian rebels This in combination with the fact that the attitudes of the neighboring Arab states toward the Palestinian question were highly ambivalent meant that the Palestinians, following the collapse of their leadership after World War II, found themselves in a desperate situation where they could expect no one to come to their help.

In contrast to some other cases of ethnic cleansing, those responsible for the *Nakbah* are well known, as are the circumstances of the decisions leading up to it. The top man was, needless to say, David Ben-Gurion, in whose home the discussion and planning took place. Directly below him was a committee of eleven advisors, among them Moshe Dayan, Yigael Yadin, Yigal Allon and Yitzhak Sadeh. The next tier consisted of regional commanders, each responsible for the ethnic cleansing of a certain area. Most of those men are today touted as "war heroes". The most well-known was the future prime minister Yitzhak Rabin, who operated in the cities of Ramle and Lydda as well as the Greater Jerusalem area. Other commanders were Moshe Kalman, Moshe Carmel and Shimon Avidan. A most important role was played by field intelligence officers, supervised by the future head of Mossad and Shabak, Issar Harel. Those men were involved in some of the worst atrocities, and also had the final say with regard to what villages were to be destroyed and which villagers were to be executed. Making a list of the responsible criminals would pose no great problem, but of course such a trial will never take place.

Pappé stresses that the *Nakbah* was not based on a sudden decision, but rather the result of a long process with its roots in early Zionist activism. As early as 1917 Leo Motzkin, described by Pappé as a moderate Zionist, spoke of the forced resettlement of the Palestinians to areas outside of "Eretz Israel". The actual military preparations can be said to have begun in the late 1930s when the paramilitary group *Haganah*, later to become the core of the IDF, was restructured with the aid of the British officer O.C. Wingate, who saw to it that the Jewish "defense forces" were attached to British troops fighting a Palestinian revolt in 1936. In this way the *Haganah* members learned how to terrorize and subdue villagers.

In order to fully realize the Zionist program the minutest preparations were made. Topographical and ethnological scholars were recruited by the Jewish National Fund to register all available data concerning the Palestinian villages, a project which was completed by the early 1940s. Special note was made of villages where anti-Zionist feelings were widespread. Those were later specially targeted by the IDF. As Pappé points out, the involved scholars, chief among them Ezra Danin, were fully aware that their activity was for military purposes. In 1947 a final revision of their "archive" was made which focused on producing lists of "wanted" villagers. This category consisted of persons involved in the Palestinian national movement (which had dominated Palestinian politics after 1933), persons who had taken part in insurrections against British troops or Zionists, or people who had simply "visited Lebanon". In 1948 those people were rounded up and executed. In some cases a whole village was "wanted".

Ben-Gurion's program of ethnic cleansing was finally realized beginning late in 1947. It bore the code name "Plan D" (or *Dalet* in Hebrew). As can be surmised from its designation it had been preceded by three scrapped plans. The operation was planned in minute detail and revised to adapt to new situations. Plan A dated back to 1937, while Plan B was drawn up in 1946. The core of Plan C, a detailed list of violent actions to be taken against the Palestinians, was carried over to Plan D. Palestinian leaders, agitators and people who supported them financially, Palestinians "taking action" against Jews, and higher Palestinian officers and officials (within the British Mandate system)—were all to be killed. In addition, transports were to be damaged, the Palestinian economy (water wells, factories, etc.) destroyed, and meeting places (including cafés) attacked.

Perhaps the most damning evidence against the *Nakbah* deniers' narrative is furnished in chapter 4. Here we learn that the first stage of cleansing had already begun in early December 1947 with Jewish attacks against a number of Palestinian villages. Although small in scale compared to what was to happen later, these early operations led to the exile of approximately 75,000 people, or almost 10% of the total number of *Nakbah* victims. According to the official story, mass expulsions took place only after May 15, 1948, and were the consequence of the Arab-Israeli war. In reality, "Plan D" was initiated on March 10, 1948. This meant that actions against the Palestinians were no longer passed off as retaliation, but were part of an openly declared program of violence, leading to the expulsion of 250,000 more Palestinians by the end of April. This was in turn followed by a number of massacres intended to scare away the remaining population.

The Arab alliance, while aware of the Palestinian plight, waited until mid-May, when the British Mandate formally ended and the Jewish state was declared, to actually intervene militarily. The tacit agreement between Ben-Gurion and the Jordanian leadership that Jordan was to occupy 20 percent of the Palestinian territory as proposed by the UN, kept the Arab world's strongest army from defending the Palestinians and thus greatly aided the progress of the cleansing. The Zionist leaders, while using doomsday visions of a "second holocaust" to raise the

number of IDF recruits, never doubted that their military would be sufficient to beat the weak Arab armies, occupy Palestine and drive out its indigenous population.

Many pages of Pappé's work are devoted to the large number of massacres carried out in Palestinian villages, such as Ayn al-Zaytun (where, among others, 37 random teenagers were tied up and shot), Tantura, Lubya, Ayn Ghazal, Dawaymeh (hundreds of civilians mowed down in front of a mosque, babies with their heads bashed in, women raped or burned alive), Sa'sa, Safsaf, Hula, Saliha. A few murderers were later prosecuted by military courts, but most of them were later released. One of them, Shmuel Lahis, who himself had killed 35 people, was pardoned by the Israeli president and later had a career in politics. In addition to the massacres in the villages, many of the expulsions took place under particularly inhumane conditions. In the cities of Lydd and Ramleh, the inhabitants had to walk on foot all the way to the West Bank. As can be expected, many perished on the way. Air strikes also played an important role in the expulsion process.

The general mentality of the Zionist leaders in Tel Aviv and the butchers in the field is glimpsed from quotes such as that in Ben-Gurion's diary entry from May 24, 1948, where the prime minister speaks of crushing Syria, Transjordan and Egypt in revenge for their supposed treatment of the Jewish people "in biblical times". One may recall here the Jewish hate-tirade against Babylon in Psalm 137: "Blessed is the one who grabs your little children and smashes them against a rock".

The last three chapters of the book concern the subsequent occupation of Palestine, the continued stealing of Palestinian land, the desecration of Muslim sanctuaries, and the various aspects of the Israeli oppression of those Palestinians who remained on their land after 1948. A most important dimension of this tyranny has been the official denial that any ethnic cleansing ever took place. The proposal to ban *Nakbah* remembrance, and the recent bill to make denial of "Israel's right to exist as a Jewish state" a crime punishable with up to one year in prison, are clear signs of desperation. If, or rather when, these proposals are transformed into laws, the falseness of Israel's claim of being an ordinary, democratic state will become increasingly obvious even in Western nations with their pro-Israel-biased mass media. In the meantime, Ilan Pappé's well-written and well-researched book—it is certainly one of the best books to date on the origin of the Israeli state—deserves to be widely read and debated.

Persecution Is Complicated:

An Update on the "Heretical Two"

Chip Smith

Several months ago, I tried to draw attention to the little-reported case of two convicted British thought criminals languishing in a Santa Ana hoosegow as their appeal for political asylum proceeded before an INS court. Several months later, Simon Sheppard and Stephen Whittle are still behind bars, still in U.S. custody. And the news isn't good. A judge denied their appeal, and after nearly a year in lockup the publishers of Heretical.com now wait to be shipped back to the island from which our forebears escaped, where they face multi-year prison sentences for expressing thoughts.

The upside is that the *LA Times* finally -- yesterday -- took notice of the story. In a more or less evenhanded report filed by Dana Parsons, the saga of the "Heretical Two" is lightly spun as a legalistic farrago:

Their lengthy detention is largely the product of the asylum-seeking process that Sheppard and Whittle brought on themselves when they entered the country. They and their original attorney acknowledge that motions they filed helped prolong the case.

Judicature is a paper-tendriled beast, we are reminded, and the matter is complicated. Prolonged jumpsuited detention was a necessity, it must be understood. Clogged in the sausage factory of a process, a lone appeal must stall and sputter in the slow cogwork of procedures proceeding in the bureaucratic jam of so many tittles and forms and strikethroughs and hearings and caseloads and delays the rest of it. It's a small price for civilized order. And someone is always disappointed.

Yet the judge's reasoning is never illuminated, never even disclosed. The *LAT* tells us only this: "In denying asylum, Peters ruled that the men hadn't shown they had been persecuted in the past or likely to face future persecution."

So we are left to wonder. Is the judge saying that these hapless *pro se* appellants *failed to state* the salient facts of their case? That she was *not informed* of a situation that smells and quacks like any Webster-preferred definition of *persecution*? Or does her ruling mean something very different?

I am neither a lawyer nor a judge, but it seems clear enough that the operative authority by which the matter should have been adjudicated is contained in a UN Convention, endorsed by the United States by dint of a more expansive protocol. In relevant part, this Convention defines a legitimate political refugee or asylum seeker as:

> A person who owing to **a well-founded fear of being persecuted** for reasons of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or **political opinion**, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, **owing to such fear, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country**; or who, not having a nationality and being outside the country of his former habitual residence as a result of such events, is unable or, owing to such fear, is unwilling to return to it.

Assuming a term of art is subject to ambiguous construction, a careful jurist might seek guidance in secondary sources, in related codifications and principles, or in dictionaries. To "persecute", according to Webster, is "to harass or punish in a manner designed to injure, grieve, or afflict; *specifically*: to cause to suffer because of belief." Interesting.

In broader context, Amnesty International provides a useful line: "Prisoners of conscience" are men, women or children **imprisoned**

Stephen Whittle
and Simon Sheppard

solely for the peaceful expression of their beliefs or because of their race, gender or other personal characteristics. …. Amnesty seeks the immediate release of all prisoners of conscience.

And then there is Article 19 of the original UN Declaration of Human Rights, to which the United States is also a signatory. Goes like this:

"Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions **without interference** and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through **any media** and **regardless of frontiers**."

And if such guiding proclamations still seem a smidge too vague and slippery, a U.S. judge might yet seek counsel in the emanations and penumbras of a native document. I know one that might even be "on point." Silly goose that I am, I have it memorized:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Perhaps there's yet an argument, supported by the weight of reams of case law. Perhaps the fact that these guys were facing serious time for writing *words*, is in no way clear evidence of persecution. I am aware that countless people have it worse. I can be blind to nuance, slow on the uptake. Could've been a lawyer, but I wound up here.

But there is another possibility, almost too simplistic to consider. It is at least possible with some effort to imagine that a gavel-wielding magistrate, secure in the knowledge that no one was looking, simply didn't like the words used by two men over whose fate she was authorized. It is possible, in other words, that she was being a twit.

Whatever the case, seeing as Simon Sheppard stands to be locked away for another half-decade, I'll give him the the last word:

> We're not cowed and we're not repentant….We have the right even to make mistakes. We could be wrong, it's not inconceivable. We have a right to be wrong. All we're doing is speaking our minds.

Memento mori.

Note: On 17 June Simon Sheppard and Stephen Whittle were back in Britain, in court.

HOW DO YOU SAY REVISIONIST IN SPANISH?

Roberto Hernandez

Sometime in March I was looking for a revisionist website in Spanish. I was curious about what revisionist documents I might find in Spanish.

I searched the web for Mexican websites since it is the Spanish-speaking country I know best, and after searching here and there I got one interesting result: a website called "*Biblia y Tradicion*" which translates as "Bible and Tradition". My surprise was bigger when I found an article by Richard Widmann, our CODOH editor, about the Bishop Williamson affair, translated into Spanish. As I searched the website I noticed that its primary interest was religion, from a Catholic perspective, but with an emphasis on examining the Orthodox story of the Holocaust. And I also found a link to a sister website called: *Eco Revisionista*. Which later I learned was owned by the same person.

So I showed this website to Bradley and he was interested and said he would tell Richard about it, but still we did not know what we were going to do with it. A couple days passed, maybe a week, when Bradley got an email asking for a revisionist document that had been translated into Spanish. He copied me and, there it was, a need to have at least some of the well-known revisionist documents translated into Spanish: We were aware that in Argentina there is a movement to pass a law that would muzzle revisionist writers and publications and we thought maybe we could help in getting revisionism into Spanish. By now I had contacted the owner of *Biblia y Tradicion*.

His name is Alejandro Villareal. We soon became friends via e-mail. He is a very pleasant young guy who, I found out, has a great interest in all the revisionist material he can get his hands on. I do have to say that this is not his main interest, he has said so himself, so I can only imagine what he might do if it were. By now, Alejandro offered to translate *The Leuchter Report* into Spanish. This is a very important document to have in Spanish on CODOH, the official language in dozens of countries. For Alejandro and me it was the beginning of an interesting friendship.

This translating work did not stop at *The Leuchter Report*. We are starting with primary texts. The idea is to help produce basic revisionist documents for those who do not read English. For example, Alejandro has translated Robert Faurisson's essay on Anne Frank's dairy into Spanish. He has subtitled in Spanish the film "David Cole Interviews Dr. Franciszek Piper." It is good to have this. His site is growing as we speak. We want this, right?

I have a new friend. I should say we have a new friend. We can now offer a link to his site. He will create a link from his site to CODOH and Bradley's newly redesigned Blog. It looks like my curiosity has paid off. Now you have a website where we can direct people who want to read in their own language some of the best known revisionist works in Spanish. We have an Echo who won't shut up. It is an "*Eco Revisionista*".

THE CAMPUS CAMPAIGN continued from page 2

start, remembered where he was, smiled at me, popped open his door, and lumbered out, smiling warmly. In his worn flannel shirt and jeans, a scraggly white beard dressing up his weather-beaten face, Smith looked like an old, sagacious cowhand, the kind of guy whose favorite story is about how he forgave the beloved bull who once got startled and kicked him in the head."

If I had known at the time that he had seen me in such a rosy light I would have told him about the afternoon in *Jalisco* in maybe 1955 when I took a bull's horn through the scrotum, or that time in *Guerrero* when a horn split my mouth open, the scar is still there inside, or the afternoon in *Hidalgo* when . . . . Ah, the good old days.

I liked Professor Oppenheimer the moment I saw him. Nothing happened during our three-hour interview that was to change my mind. We were both in good humor throughout the event, even in the couple moments of frustration on the professor's part. It appeared to me early on that the professor had never had any interest in revisionist arguments about the Big H., and that reading the article in the *Washington Jewish Week* was the first time he had felt any interest in revisionists themselves.

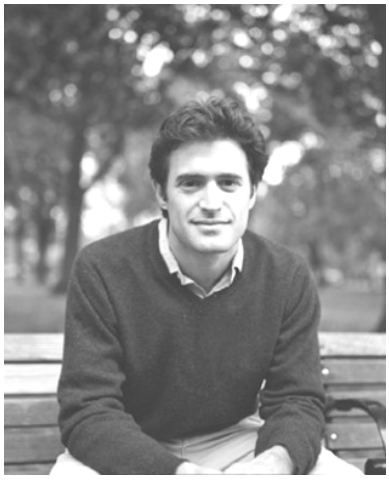
In interviewing me, Oppenheimer did not show any interest in anything I have written. He was interested in my private life, in knowing what it was that formed a character that would lead me to choose such a disreputable career as the one I had chosen. But then, that's my cup of tea. Talking about myself. That's a large part of what I do. There have been periods in my writing career, if I can call it a career, when I did nothing else. I do autobiography. So we sat there over coffee for three hours, me talking, him making notes. I got into this work a long time ago, 1979, so there was a lot of stuff leading up to when I got into it, and then all the stuff afterwards. I'm pretty sure I talked too much. But I was cooperative I should think, even to a fault. Oppenheimer had no complaints that he made me aware of.

Now that he has published his article (or series of five—count 'em—five articles) I am aware once again that he was not interested in what I have written, not really interested in what I have thought. When you read the articles you see he is significantly more interested in what Mark Weber thinks. Mark is not an academic, but he has an academic turn of mind, has written and published scholarly articles. I'm not, have not.

Occurs to me only now!!! I have not written about Jews as Jews. Mark has, does. Odd, I'm going through this piece for the final time before sending it to the printer, and it has only occurred to me now that Mark Weber is interested in Jews, Mark Oppenheimer is interested in Jews, I'm not, and that there we are.

Okay. We'll see.

During the course of the interview there were two ideas that I made an effort to get across to the professor. One was how a professor could publish a book on the Holocaust in 1976 and be condemned for it by academics throughout the American university system for forty years without one professor publishing one article in one peer-reviewed journal to show where the author was wrong about anything.



Mark Oppenheimer

I was speaking of Arthur Butz and his *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. I had to bring the subject up more than one time before Professor Oppenheimer would respond to it. What he did was sort of groan, put his head down toward the table, and ask why he should read Butz. No one reads Butz. Butz doesn't exist with regard to Holocaust studies. I'm paraphrasing. Unlike the professor, I wasn't taking notes.

Which brings up an interesting, tho not flattering, anecdote—but then I'm an anecdotalist if I'm anything. I have had a longstanding rule that when I do interviews, either I obtain the right to record the back and forth as it happens, or we do the interview using email so that I have it in black and white. In this instance, as I was to be interviewed in person, I planned ahead. I bought a small device to record the conversation. I was surprised at how small they have gotten. I put it in my briefcase, carried it to San Clemente, carried my briefcase into Starbucks where it never crossed my mind to get it out and plug it in. I want to explain it away by noting how tired I was, but I am not going to do that. I won't even mention it.

The second incident, which I think is very revealing, that I tried to make a case for with Oppenheimer is the case of President David Sweet of Youngstown State University. After the CODOH ad had run in *The Jambar* there and created the beginnings of a real exchange of ideas, the paper published a letter from President Sweet repeating the charges the president of Boston University, Dr. John Silber, had made against me ten years ago. There Dr. Silber had called me a liar without attempting to demonstrate that I am.

It wasn't that I had been called a liar—as I have written elsewhere "who am I?"—but that with regard to the Holocaust question one university president will repeat the charge by another university president that I am a liar and neither will think it necessary to even attempt to demonstrate where I have lied about either of the texts in question, or indeed about anything else. Oppenheimer was not interested. He didn't see any significance that Dr. Sweet had called me a liar before the entire student body of a State university, without attempting to demonstrate that I am one.

Oppenheimer was only interested in my "life." That makes two of us who are interested in my life. But I am really interested in it. My life exists in the center of a swirling cauldron of politics, culture, violence, beauty and death. We must have the right to doubt, just as we must have the right to believe. It all rests on the right to a free exchange of ideas. Who is

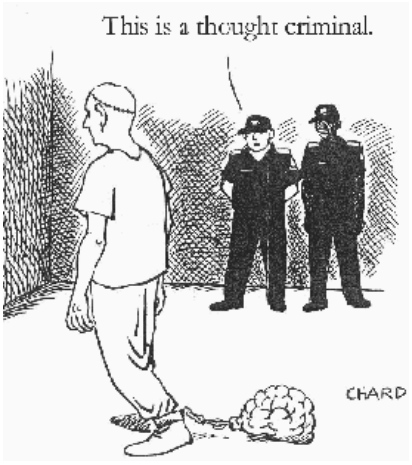
there who knows it all? The orthodox historians of the Holocaust? Those who truly believe in the "unique" monstrosity of the Germans and condemn those of us who doubt it?

In the weeks following our meeting in San Clemente Oppenheimer contacted me a number of times. I had learned when we met that he had already interviewed Mark Weber. Makes sense. He asked me how to get hold of Willis Carto. He asked me for some other contact numbers, people in life from as far back as the 1960s and 70s. I tried to give him what he asked for. Sometimes I could, sometimes I couldn't.

During the interview we had talked about my time in Hollywood, the Henry Miller trial, how my life in those days for twenty years on was largely in a Jewish community. Including an eight or nine year affair with a Jewish lady that was very important for me. He wondered if I was exaggerating my Jewish "credentials." Primarily he wanted to know the name of that certain Jewish lady. There were other Jewish ladies but only one was really important. I didn't give him her name. She has a real life. Why would she want her name to be involved with mine, in the press, at this stage of the game?

Nevertheless, he found it out. Not that difficult. I might as well quote Oppenheimer on this old story here, as news of it will be all over the internet and everywhere else in a few days. Bradley Smith and a Jewish lady? Too much! The below story comes from Part Four of his *The Denial Twist.*

"The Jewish woman Bradley Smith lived with for eight years during the 1970s is Susan Brown, a practicing psychologist in Los Angeles who works principally with autistic children. She has been happily married for 20 years to another man, and she has two grown children, three grown stepchildren, and seven granddaughters. After I had learned her name—from an acquaintance of an acquaintance of Smith's—and found her phone number, I called her up. She had fond memories of the old Bradley, the one who didn't think one way or another about gas chambers.



No comment

"'We met through mutual friends,' Brown told me. 'Bradley had been involved in this trial through his bookstore, so he got to know a lot of people through the Los Angeles Free Press, which I was involved with it—I had contributed some money. So that's how I met him. We were all politically involved with that.'

"I asked Brown if she was surprised when she heard about Smith's new career, which didn't begin until after their relationship had ended.

"'Totally mystified' is how Brown described her reaction, 'but I have some theories.

"'Whatever else Bradley is, he is in addition a very bright guy, very well read, and he worked assiduously for many years in politics, with the bookstore on Fairfax [Avenue]. He was circulating with all the people I still circulate with. In the years I knew him there wasn't ever any smidgen of a thought [about Holocaust denial]; I was getting my Ph.D. then, and there was a lot of talking, [but] not one iota of glimmer of this budding thought, nothing at all there.'

"Smith was, Brown told me, reluctant to adopt party lines; he was never a West Coast liberal like so many of the Hollywood people—most of them Jews— he ran with. 'He was not, not a mindless liberal in that way,' Brown said. 'He was very thoughtful about things he would say. He was not 'one of them' in the [world of] sixties politics.' Like many libertarians, whether inclined to the left or the right, Smith had a maverick streak, so perhaps the seeds of his ultimate career were always present, if apparently benign.

"'But I think the thing that pushed him over,' Brown said, 'was that he never could get published.' For an aspiring writer in a city with so many successful writers and artists, this was a failure that could rub a man raw. 'It wasn't like he never got close. He had corresponded with literary journals—The New Yorker, The Atlantic. He wasn't a total dud. He was sending things back and forth, and he couldn't crack it. The people we knew were all interested in the same things, and he couldn't make it like they could, and it was killing him.'

"'I think he found a niche to do a 180; he had the skills that were needed for that niche. It came from some happenstance meeting'—Smith met a Holocaust denier at a libertarian convention—'and it was out of great despair that he found a place. And I think it just took over his life. He saw that he could go with it, and he did, and it just took over.'

"Despite the odd turn that Smith's life took, Brown remembered their time together as pleasant, and their parting as amicable. 'We lived together all the time I was doing my dissertation,' she said. 'He was a wonderful friend to me, he was lovely to my two young children.' He even had an *aliyah* at her son's bar mitzvah, reading the prayer for a Torah reading. 'I tell you, he was—long after our personal sexual relationship was [over, which was] the core of what kept us together, he was a wonderful friend to me, in terms of my kids, and he understood what was import to me and them.'

"I mentioned to Brown that Smith was now married to a Mexican woman.

"'That doesn't surprise me,' she said. 'It would be too intrusive psychologically to live with someone who asked too many questions of him. He'd have to be with someone as bright as he is, or be with someone with a caretaking relationship, and there would be that comfort. It wouldn't be a woman who could provoke him. He has taken a position. He knows the other paths, and he doesn't need to be placed in conflict or turmoil about those things.'"

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And thus ended Oppenheimer's remarks from and about Susan Brown and me. I am very glad to have heard from Susan after so many years, even in this distant, public and abbreviated way. Very glad. And I appreciate the fact that Oppenheimer would print a report of me that suggests I was probably kinda normal, back then anyhow, even among Jews. So far as Susan's theories go about how I took a bad turn in life, they are perfectly sensible, undeniably possible, yet you can find an account of the real beginning of the story, what pushed me over as it were, written more or less as it happened, in *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist*. The whole little book is online. The turn of events was simpler than one might expect. Tho of course the subjective underpinning of any such decision is always complicated.

The first of the five Oppenheimer articles then was published on 14 June in *The Tablet Magazine: A New Read on Jewish Life*. A couple weeks passed before I heard about them. After being interviewed by a professor who writes for *The New York Times Magazine*, *Slate* and *The Boston Globe* among other publications, I have to confess it's a bit of a downer to find myself in *The Tablet*. Nevertheless, if it's good enough for Professor Oppenheimer, it's good enough for me.

What I do is very simple. Always has been. Any truck driver in America, after a brief rest stop, can understand it. I argue that the ideal of a free exchange of ideas is meant for all of us, not for some. It's as if the idea were too simple for Professor Oppenheimer. I think the idea bores him. Maybe if I were to interview him, I would be able to focus his attention.

Now there's an idea!

As a matter of fact, there's a real idea!!

As I put this issue of *Smith's Report* to bed we have ads about to appear at three more campuses, we have the story developing at Bowling Green State, and I have one in mind for Yale University. This means that we will soon have placed our simple question about why Dwight D. Eisenhower did not think to mention the German WMD in his book on WWII, *Crusade in Europe*, before more than 100,000 students, faculty and staff at half a dozen universities. I like the numbers.

We have to work through the months of July and August. This is normally a time to not work much, but I'm going to break the mold here. With your help, of course.

Meanwhile, my best wishes for you.

Bradley

Smith's Report

is published by

Committee for Open Debate On the Holocaust

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Please help me defray the costs of the Campus Campaign. I have put some $4,000 into it over the last six weeks.